

The Tragedy of Hamlet

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience:
The harlots cheek beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heauey burden!

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: To dye to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shokes
That flesh is heire to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wisht, to dye to sleepe,
To sleepe perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must give us pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of despised love, and the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweate under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd Countrey, from whose borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare those ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sicklied ore with the pale cast of thought:
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And

Prince of Denmark

And lose the name of action:
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph,
Be all my sins remembered?

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for t

Ham. I humbly thanke y

Ophel. My Lord I have r
That I have longed long to
I pray you now receive the

Ham. No, not I, I never

Ophel. My honour'd Lor
And with them words of fo
As made these things more
Take these againe: for to th
Rich gifts waxe poore when
There my Lord,

Ham. Ha, ha, are you ho

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophel. What meanes yo

Ham. That if you bee h
discourse to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty my
Than with honestie.

Ham. I truly, for the po
honestie from what it is to a
translate beauty to his liker
but now the time gives it p

Ophel. Indeed my Lord

Ham. You should not ha
evacuate our old stocke but

Ophel. I was the more d

Ham. Get thee a Nunry
ners? I am my selfe indiffer
of such things, that it were
am very proud, revengefull,
beck than I have thoughts t
shape, or time to act them.